

Jacksonville Republican

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2290.

REPUBLICAN.

W. GRANT.

Subscription:

Advertising:

Association of Candidates:

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MOTHERHOOD.

"Her lot is on you"—woman's lot she means.

"To crown the hair that rang so low and sweet."

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em," declared Master Tom, as he gave her a kiss and took himself off.

And the moment the door closed on him Nellie's red lips compressed again and her brown eyes wore the same look they had worn yesterday.

"War it is, then!" she said to herself.

"Now Master Tom, we shall see who wins."

She set quietly about the usual morning's work of a mistress of a house where only one servant is kept, and when Tom came to lunch every thing was in its usual good order.

It remained so, and Nellie busied herself with her needle-work until nearly time for Tom to return to dinner.

Then she rose to put away herself, to "open the campaign."

First, she put Tom's slippers where he always left them under the sofa.

Then she tossed her shawl upon the piano, and his best hat on the table.

Then she brought some of her dresses and hung them across the chairs and on the sofa.

Her furs reposed in Tom's own special arm chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under the sofa, while her own slippers lay upon the chiffonier.

And then, thinking that female ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she took a piece of crocheted work and sat down.

Presently the door opened and in walked Master Tom.

He gave a low whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unwelcome disorder, and at Nellie sitting calmly in the midst with her crocheted work, and then came into the room.

"Haven't been putting things to rights, Nellie?" he asked.

"No, no. Why?" said Nellie looking up in sweet unconsciousness.

"I thought maybe you had been, that's all," remarked Tom dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.

Nellie quietly pursued her work.

Presently Tom said, "Paper came this evening."

"Not yet," answered Nellie.

Tom gave a half sigh.

"Nellie, I met Granger just now, and he said he would call around this evening."

"Very well; probably he won't come before dinner. It will be ready soon," said Nellie, working away in demure innocence.

"Haden't you better put things a little to rights, before he comes?" said Tom glancing uneasily around the room.

"Oh, no. Just let 'em lie," answered Nellie, sweetly.

"But they look so bad," said Tom.

"Oh, no, they don't," said Nellie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks as well in one place as another."

Tom's face reddened.

"I never saw your room look like this before," he said hesitatingly. "I should not like to have any one step in."

"Why not?" said Nellie. "We might as well keep things handy. What's the use of having a house, if you can't keep things where you want to?"

Tom's face got redder and redder. He tried to look serious, and then broke into a laugh.

"Oh, that's your game is it?" he said— "Trying to beat me with my own weapons are you, little woman?"

"Well, don't you like the plan?" said Nellie demurely.

"No, by George, I don't," said Tom.

"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you keep your things in their places, I'll do the same; but whenever you don't—"

"Oh, I will!" said Tom. "Come Nellie, I'll confess like a man—you have beat me this time. Only just put things right in this awful room. And I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make up as the children say."

Nellie rose, and laughingly held up her sweet mouth for a kiss of peace.

And then under the magic influence of her deft fingers, confusion was suddenly banished; and when Mr. Granger came round to spend the evening he decided that nobody had a prettier wife or a tidier home than his friend Tom Carter.

Wise little Nellie, having gained possession of the matrimonial field, took good care to keep it until Tom was quite cured of his careless habits.

Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse; but Nellie, instead of scolding, only had quietly to bring something of her own and lay it beside whatever he had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately, for Tom seldom failed to take the hint.

And if some other little woman, as tidy and clean as Nellie, takes a hint also, this story will have served its purpose.

Physiological Changes According to Zones.

Medical authority is now pretty generally agreed in regard to the fact of the important physiological change induced in the human economy by a change of climate—as from temperate to tropical, and the reverse—especially in respect to the peculiarities of respiration, the pulse, temperature of the body, kidneys and skin, and weight and strength.

Thus, in the matter of respiration, the result of many experiments shows that, in the tropics, there is an increase in the capacity of the chest for an increase of the number of respirations, from which it follows that the lungs, unaltered in size, contain less blood and more air in tropical than in temperate climates, the blood being in part diverted to the excited skin and liver. It is calculated that, in a tropical climate, the lungs eliminate less carbon, to the extent of half an ounce in the twenty-four hours, than in an ounce in the temperate zones, hence, in hot countries, the diet should be less carbonaceous.

Seasonable Reflections.

Nothing is so exasperating to a man with a cold in his head as the sight of his wife bending over a fragrant hyacinth.

If you want to come out at the big end of the horn this year, you must start in with something more than a lopsided diary and a three cent pencil.

We've had our Thanksgiving turkey, and it didn't agree with us. But we mean to try it over again if it takes our last cent for blue pills and stomach-bitters.

It's a very good thing at this time of the year to sweet off, but the man who indulges in seven cocktails and a "cobbler" to celebrate the event and give him strength to carry out his resolution is a trifle too enthusiastic to hold out long.

If we are weighed down with an overpowering sense of fullness and too much dimer, you had better give the seductive pipe a wide berth. It requires great tact, stomach, judgment, and a copper-lined stomach to keep a mince pie from rearing up on its hind legs and starting out on the war-path against seven-eighths of a pound of turkey, plenty of "stout," five sweet-potatoes, seven pickles, three feet of celery, a quart of cranberries and a liberal allowance of elder.

In the short space of two months, just twelve hundred and sixty-three and a half (1263.5) Bernhardt jokes have been fired upon a suffering people, and yet not one of them contained even the remotest allusion to the fact that Sarah is about the size and shape of a telegraph pole. It is strange that this important point should have been overlooked.

Gerty Carnegie's Song.

"Ten minutes to ten—if I hurry I shall catch the ten fifteen train."

So saying, Gerty Carnegie, with deft fingers, rolled up a piece of manuscript music and then ran up stairs to equip herself for the expedition to town.

Gerty is in deep mourning. Only five months ago she lost her noble father, a captain of an ocean steamer, that was lost, with all souls on board, among the icebergs.

He has left his widow and only child wholly unprovided for, and they have to depend upon their own exertions for the means of subsistence.

So Gerty, who is a brave girl, as well as a pretty one, has thrown herself, with her whole youthful energy, into the task of teaching music, and has attempted a composition. It is a song set to Tenyson's "Flow down, cold rivule, to the sea."

This precious work of art, neatly copied, she is now on the point of taking up to one of the music publishers in London.

She hurries to the Putney station, and jumps into an empty-looking second-class carriage.

There's no one with her in the carriage, so Gerty begins to sing her song; she has a clear and sympathetic mezzo-soprano, and, pleased with her own performance, repeats her song over and over again.

Suddenly she is startled by a cough behind her, and, oh! horror! she beholds in the far corner of the adjoining compartment a man.

Dreadful! Has she been giving an unsolicited concert to this abominable stranger, who dares to sit there, and with audacious impudence takes off his hat to her?

Luckily the train slackens speed at this moment, and in her hurry to get rid of the man, Gerty is ever willing to risk her life in an attempt at jumping out while the train is still in motion.

"Thank heaven!" she ejaculates as she rapidly passes through the crowd of passengers and hastens down to ward the omnibus she describes at the entrance of the station.

As Gerty nears her destination she finds to her dismay that the roll of music, which she had tucked away in her muff, had vanished.

Tears rise to her eyes, and she desires the conductor to stop, for she must go back to the station and see—an infinitesimal chance—if she had lost it on the way from the platform to the omnibus.

Of course she finds nothing—not a trace of the precious document, and, with dismay, she remembers that she had committed the imprudence to throw the rough copy into the fire.

"Oh, mamma, I am the unluckiest girl in this hateful world!" and she sobs forth her pitiful tale.

"Well, my poor dear child, don't cry about it," her mother says soothingly. "Of course it is very provoking, but after all, it only costs a second copying. Where is your rough copy?"

"Burned, mamma."

"But, Gerty, how silly. How could you destroy it so thoughtlessly?"

"Oh, don't scold, mamma. Never mind, it's gone—and I'll—never—write—another," poor Gerty sobbed.

"Nonsense; you'll remember every note of it, and just write it out again, that is all."

"Never, mamma. It is a bad omen; it tells me that I am not to succeed as a composer, so there's an end to that dream. And now let us have some dinner, and then I must go up to the terrace and give my lessons as Mrs. Harmon's."

In the afternoon she departs rather heavily-hearted and with lagging steps on her daily duty of teaching. At the Harmon's she finds her two pupils, the twins, Winney and Ethel, in a state of glowing excitement.

"Oh, Miss Carnegie, papa has consented to our having such a jolly party on the twentieth of our birthday, you know. There's to be a dinner party first, and then we are to have music and singing, and a dance, and you must come."

"I will come with pleasure, and do all I can to amuse your guests, and I'll play for the dancing; then you need not trouble to engage any one."

And then the lessons are given, and Gerty returns home in the dark, drizzly January evening, forgetting all about the party, and thinking of nothing but her lost song.

"What a lovely girl!" Tom Wentworth remarks to his cousin, Ethel Harmon, next evening, as Gerty makes her appearance in the drawing-room. Who is she? I fancy I have seen her before.

"Yes, she does look lovely to-night," Ethel rejoins. "She is Miss Carnegie, our music mistress, and I'll introduce you to her presently. But you must come and sing first. You can spoon afterward. Come, let's play you an accompaniment if you like. What will you sing? Tom Bowling?"

"No; I've sung that at every party these last three years. I'll sing a new song, and play my own accompaniment by heart, thank you all the same, Etty."

And Mr. Wentworth seats himself at the piano.

What is that?

"Flow down, sweet rivule, to the sea," Gerty listens with strained ears. Is she dreaming? Her own song! How dare any one—

Mr. Wentworth has a good tenor voice, and sings simply and unaffectedly, and with intelligent interpretation, and somehow Gerty is more deeply affected by her own song than she has ever been before.

The song ceases, and Gerty still stands listening. She hears the comments and plaudits on the song and the singer, and her heart exults.

She steps from her hiding place presently, and is immediately accosted by Ethel Harmon with a request to take the now vacant seat at the piano.

"But first let me introduce my cousin, Mr. Wentworth, Miss Carnegie. Has he not a splendid voice, and did he not sing that lovely song splendidly?"

"Would you object to telling me from whom you obtained that song, Mr. Wentworth?" Gerty asks.

"Not at all. It was in the oldest way. I found it in front of a railway carriage at Waterloo station, probably dropped there by a young lady who had been singing it about half a dozen times in the carriage, fancying herself alone, I imagine, and—"

He comes to a full stop, and a look of amazed recognition comes into his face as he notices Gerty's confusion.

"By Jove! you are the young lady. I've been waiting to find you ever since. I tried to trace you at the time, but you had vanished, and I have been advertising for you the whole of last week."

"I never see the papers. I am so glad it is found, for I wanted to take it to the publishers."

"Then it is your own composition! I had no idea of it."

Then the position for a song from her being repeated she complies, and she sings and looks her very best, and Tom Wentworth gazes and listens in rapt admiration.

Later in the evening he persuades her to walk through a quadrille with him, and presently says:

"I'll tell you what, Miss Carnegie. Let me take your song to the publishers. I am personally acquainted with Mr. W., and although your charming song can stand on its own merits, yet these publishers are 'kittie cat,' and perhaps I may be able to manage it better for you than you could yourself."

Gerty gladly accepted the offer. The song is published. Gerty does not know till many months later that it has been at Tom's expense, and the business necessitates so many interviews between the two young people that nobody is very much surprised when, in the merry month of June, Gerty Carnegie is turned into Mrs. Thomas Wentworth.

Laughing at the Wrong Man.

The Hon. Demasiah Horner had a very unpleasant experience lately. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Horner to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting the celebrated innocent.

Nobody in town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, and they had got the notion that he was funny and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Horner from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name as they knew Mark Twain was *non de plume*, and supposed his real name was Horner. The denouement is thus told: Mr. Horner first remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman to whisper if he was all right and got "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Hum, slays more than disease!"—still louder merrily. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell," a perfect roar and applause. Mr. Horner began to get excited. He thought that they were geying him, but he proceeded—

"We must crush the serpent!" a tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Horner could not stand it. "What I'm saying is gospel truth!" he cried. The audience again howled with merriment. Horner turned to a man on the stage and said: "Do you see an thing very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, his hair!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Horner, wildly dancing about. More laughter and cries of "Go on, Twain!" And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose up and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly quit laughing and blushed very red, and the folks in the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and they quit laughing too. And then Mr. Horner, being thoroughly nud, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall and the assembling then voted to censure Twain and the chairman, and dispersed amid deep gloom.

The Smaller Boy Took the Cue.

A jolly clergyman in Rondout, New York, has two sons, both bright, obedient, and well trained lads, but mischievous and fun-loving, as boys can be. It is the custom of the father to have his boys learn a verse of scripture every day, and recite it each morning. In accordance with this custom, a few days since the lads were called upon by their father to repeat their verses for the day. It happened to be a time when the skating was good, a sport of which all active boys are devotees, and the boys naturally burned with eager desire to be off to the frozen field. But discipline must be maintained, as they well knew, and there was no escape from the daily scripture recitation. The elder of the boys had learned his text, and was ready for his ordeal, and when asked to repeat it promptly replied: "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," and he "said out," happy at his release. The younger lad had quite forgotten to learn his text, but his wit came to his rescue. "So would I, father," he shouted, and off he ran to join his brother. There is reason to believe that parental discipline in this case will be suffered to relax in the father's appreciation and enjoyment of his hopeful quick wit.

Buzzing Extra.

Thanksgiving evening a party of men assembled at "Tommy" Gent's bar-room, Oil City, and after comparing notes and telling some big stories about the amount of turkey consumed, the conversation gradually drifted to the comparative size of the chests of the parties present. Finally some one proposed that they measure chests. A tape line was accordingly produced and the measuring commenced. Each party swelled his chest to its greatest capacity, and the measuring continued with an abundance of mirth and merriment. At last Gent took the line, passed it around the chest of M. Quinn, and was apparently greatly pleased with the result. To express his satisfaction he placed his hand on either side of Quinn's head, and commenced rubbing his ears. He had drawn his hands across the ears only twice when he was frightened nearly out of his wits by seeing a bright flame shoot quickly upward, caused by the sparks which ignited the hair, and the blaze sprang up almost instantly. He thought he had been the involuntary tool used to bring about Quinn's destruction by fire. The reader can imagine what his feelings would be were he to simply place his hands on a friend's ear and instantly he should find the friend's head in flames. Gent sprang back, threw up his hands and ejaculated:

"My God what is it?"

And still the flames rolled on.

Gent's face turned pale, and the other gentlemen in the party made room for the human flambeau, who, as he hastily paced the room, reminded one forcibly of the Circusian beauty with the red porcupine hair, only he had fire instead of hair. Some of the inmates of the room yelled "Fire, fire," and others of a more religious turn of mind commenced praying. Gent's knees were beating the devil's tattoo on each other as he nervously clung to the counter. He subsequently said he thought the master mechanic from Indiana had surely come to see him.

Finally, after some lively work, the man whose head was being cremated succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration without calling out the Fire Department. As soon as he had the fire under control his companions regained their senses and gradually approached him.

"Sure and I didn't know that it was loaded," said Gent.

"Do you have such spells often?" asked another.

"I knew that you were gassing fearfully," chimed in a third, "but I didn't think that you would go off in that way."

And so they continued, while the man who was indulging in the torchlight procession proceeded to explain.

It seems that Quinn is a baker of bread, and while at work frequently has occasion to look in the ovens, which are dark. When doing so he merely strikes a match. In order to have the matches handy, he acquired a habit of carrying a handful of matches back of his ears.

Using ears for a match safe is a new idea, and should be patented.

However, the matches being stored away in the suburbs of Quinn's ears, they are ignited by coming in contact with Gent's hands, which were made rough by honest toil. The hair was oily, and what followed was nothing more nor less than an oil fire.

A Deerhound's Sagacity.

Herman Hunter and Charles Whitman, of Missoula, Helena, armed with rifles and accompanied by a deerhound, went up the Rattlesnake river in quest of game. They climbed the mountains to the left of the stream and separated, taking opposite sides of the ridge, in hopes of bagging a deer. Whitman came down the Rattlesnake side and soon after separating from his companion he slipped and fell, sliding some two hundred feet down the mountain side. He valiantly endeavored to stop himself by digging into the snow with his hands and feet clutching at brush and saplings, till just as he was about to be precipitated over the cliff into the Rattlesnake, some forty feet below, he fortunately clasped a strong sapling with one hand, and was left dangling in the air over the precipice. By a strenuous effort he managed to clasp the sapling with his arm in the elbow, and grasping his wrist with the disengaged hand, awaited his inevitable fall with desperation. The hound seeing his master

SATURDAY, Mar. 5, 1881.

Editorial Correspondence.

MONTGOMERY, Feb. 28th, 1881.
ED. REPUBLICAN:—I thought my letter of last week would be the last that I should write from Montgomery, but on reflection I will drop you another short one.

The Railroad Commission bill passed both Houses some days ago. By its terms Gov. Cobb was to send in nine names from which the Senate should select three. This he did and among the names sent in was that of Capt. James Crook, of Calhoun. This in itself was a high compliment to Mr. Crook, for the aspirants for nomination were numerous and from the ranks of distinguished men of the State from all sections. Saturday the Senate elected Capt. Walter L. Biagg as President of the Commission and to-day the same body met and elected the two associate Commissioners. The fortunate two out of the six nominated for Associate Commissioners are Capt. James Crook and Mr. Charley Ball, formerly Sun't. of the Ala. and Great Southern Railroad. It may be a matter of pride to Calhounites that Capt. Crook ran ahead of any man that was elected on the Commission, and went in easily on the first ballot. Those of us here from Calhoun gave him an undivided and hearty support. His splendid race was a surprise even to his friends. When it is known that he was selected first from a list embracing the names of such distinguished men as Levi W. Lawler, S. S. Scott, Chas. P. Ball, McKee Gouls and F. B. Clark, Sr., of Mobile, the compliment is still more striking and flattering to him. Gen. Pettus remarked to-day, in my hearing, to a group of Senators that "Calhoun was the best organized county in the State both inside and outside." This is true to a great extent and will account in a measure for the success of her sons in political life. Whatever may be our differences of opinion at home, Calhoun always acts as a unit in outside political gatherings. We never carry our family quarrels outside our county and be it said to the credit of our county, we have very few family quarrels to carry. No man has attempted the political leadership of the people of Calhoun and the consequence is we have no political bickerings and but one party. In unity there is strength, and my hope is that this unity so long and happily preserved in Calhoun may continue and that no man will ever be found who will attempt the impracticable feat of building up a personal following in the county that shall assume the airs of a party and attempt to dictate to the people of the county in matters political. If such should ever be the case, men will be found ready to resist such pretensions, and then will come dissension, and Calhoun will find herself short of her strength as a political power in the State. The salary of the President of the Commission is \$3500 and that of each of the two Associate Commissioners \$3000. By the terms of the bill the three Commissioners are declared to be State officers and they are paid their salaries out of the State treasury, but the money for this purpose comes out of the railroad by the terms of another bill which lays a tax on them sufficient to raise this amount. The people in reality do not pay the expenses of the Commission. The bill as it finally passed is made up of two Senate bills and the House Commission bill. It provides that one Road may run its cars over the track of any other Road in the State for just compensation. This is designed to give short line and weak Roads a chance against the long line Monopolies and prevent them from being crushed out by their more powerful competitors. It also provides that Railroad officials shall post at every depot along their respective lines their tariff of rates, general and special, and makes it a misdemeanor for any railroad to allow any rebate to any individual or corporation and provides further that any person accepting such rebate shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. The Railroad Commission is clothed with only limited powers. They may fix rates that are fair and just, and the railroad will accede to the rates of the Commissioners for fear of future legislation of a more positive character. In all controversies between the railroad and people the right of appeal to the jury is still preserved.

The bill designed to alleviate the condition of the paupers of Calhoun has passed both Houses.
The school law as reported from the joint committee on education was laid on the table in the House, but some amendments to the school law will be made by separate bills. The Senate yesterday passed a House bill fixing three grades of teachers of public schools and providing that they shall only teach where they have a certificate from the County board of examiners; and provides that no certificate shall be granted to an applicant who does not answer 70 per cent of the questions asked by the Board. A bill has passed both Houses appropriating fifteen thousand dollars for the benefit of Confederate soldiers who have been permanently disabled in the war. This is perhaps the last bill of this character that will pass the Legislature. The next bill of this character will probably be passed for the benefit of the widows and orphans of dead Confederate soldiers. The State has done something for the men who lost an arm or a leg in the war, but she has never done anything for the families of those who had their heads shot off or their hearts pierced by the bomb and bullet of the enemy. The Senate has just passed the House bill to allow soldiers to summon witnesses before Grand Jury in vacation. This is an important bill and will facilitate the administration of the law.

TO THE HON. COURT OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF CALHOUN COUNTY ALABAMA.

The undersigned, County Treasurer of said county, herewith respectfully submits the following report, showing his receipts and disbursements as such Treasurer from August 28th, 1880, to February 14th, 1881:

J. J. SKELTON, County Treasurer.

In Account with Calhoun County.

1880	Dr.	Cr.
August 28. To amt rec'd of J. L. Swan, late County Treasurer, for 1880	\$3,240 09	
Nov. 4. To amt rec'd of D. Z. Goodlett, T. C. on county Tax for 1880	324 00	
11. To amt rec'd of J. L. Swan, late County Treasurer, for 1880	196 20	
Dec. 6. To amt rec'd of D. Z. Goodlett, Tax Collector, on county tax for 1880	219 00	
1881.		
Jan. 1. To amt rec'd of A. Woods Co. tax on license, for 4th quarter 1880	48 75	
12. To amt rec'd of D. Z. Goodlett, T. C. on county tax for 1880	2,177 25	
27. To amt rec'd of H. L. Stevenson, Adm. value of W. Cannon, dec'd Co. Tr., for 3rd quarter, 1880	23 58	
Feb. 3. To amt rec'd of D. Z. Goodlett, T. C. on county tax for 1881	2,164 55	
By amt paid out on Registration and Elections		185 10
By amt paid out on Bridges		756 80
By amt paid out on Poor House and Paupers		224 68
By amt paid out on Roads		28 60
By amt paid out on Court expenses & services		151 23
By amt paid out on books, stationery and printing		246 07
By amt paid out on Circuit Court expenses		1,213 15
By amt paid out on coffins and burials		16 18
By amt paid out on Lunatics		69 55
By amt paid out on Jail and prisoners		24 00
By amt paid out on Tax Books		50 00
By amt paid out on ex officio services of co. officers		175 00
By amt paid out on repairs of Court House		13 00
By amt paid out on special Juror claim		5 30
By amt paid out on Commissions on \$3,581 81 at 5 per cent.		179 08
By amt to balance		5,376 53
Balance on hand in county treasury, \$5,376 53		

J. J. SKELTON, County Treasurer.

In Account with Calhoun County on the Fine and Forfeiture Fund.

1880	Dr.	Cr.
August 28. To amt rec'd of J. L. Swan, late County Treasurer, for 1880	\$126 45	
To amt received of A. Woods, Judge of Probate	87 55	
To amt received of G. B. Douthett, Clerk Circuit Court	47 70	
To amt received of D. Z. Goodlett, Tax Collector	250 00	
To amt received of J. L. Swan, agent for county on hire of Tom Wright, convict	2 50	
By amount of claims paid and canceled		689 80
By amount of commissions on \$ 5 per cent.		34 18
By amount to balance		73 92
To balance on hand in Treasury		\$800 00

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

J. J. Skelton, County Treasurer of said county, Calhoun County, hereby certifies that the foregoing report and account is true and correct. Given under my hand, this February 14th, 1881.

J. J. SKELTON, Co. Treasurer

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we have carefully examined the foregoing report of J. J. Skelton, County Treasurer, showing his receipts and disbursements of the county for the time therein specified, and find that the same is correct.

Given under our hands this 18th day of February, 1881.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate
S. L. LOVE,
T. D. HAYNES,
JOHN D. MCGORMICK,
County Commissioners.

mar5-11

TAX ASSESSOR'S NOTICE.

FIRST ROUND.

I will attend the places mentioned, at the time stated, for the purpose of Assessing the State and County Tax for the year 1881:

Precinct No. 11, White Plains, Monday, April 4th, 1881.

Precinct No. 12, Davisville, Tuesday, April 5th, 1881.

Precinct No. 17, DeArmanville, Wednesday, April 6th, 1881.

Precinct No. 18, Anniston, Thursday, April 7th, 1881.

Precinct No. 3, June Bug, Friday, April 8th, 1881.

Precinct No. 2, Weavers Station, Saturday, April 9th, 1881.

Precinct No. 5, Alexandria, Sunday, April 10th, 1881.

Precinct No. 5, Pakenburg, Monday, April 11th, 1881.

Precinct No. 14, Sulphur Springs, Tuesday, April 12th, 1881.

Precinct No. 4, Ganaway Schoolhouse, Wednesday, April 13th, 1881.

Precinct No. 8, Greensboro, Thursday, April 14th, 1881.

Precinct No. 7, Hollingsworth's, Friday, April 15th, 1881.

Precinct No. 6, Pecks Hill, Saturday, April 16th, 1881.

Precinct No. 1, Jackson, Sunday, April 17th, 1881.

Precinct No. 9, Cross Plains, Monday, April 18th, 1881.

Precinct No. 16, Ladiga, Tuesday, April 19th, 1881.

Precinct No. 10, Rabbit Town, Wednesday, April 20th, 1881.

Precinct No. 1, Jacksonville, Thursday, April 21st, 1881.

All persons will please bring with them a list of their property with valuation annexed.

A. B. LEDBETTER,
Tax Assessor Calhoun County.

mar5-11

NOTICE No. 644.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof on Saturday 24th day of April, 1881, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court at the county of Calhoun county, Ala., viz: John B. Williams, 1/4 Sec. 22, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 23, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 24, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 25, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 26, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 27, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 28, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 29, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 30, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 31, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 32, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 33, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 34, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 35, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 36, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 37, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 38, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 39, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 40, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 41, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 42, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 43, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 44, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 45, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 46, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 47, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 48, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 49, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 50, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 51, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 52, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 53, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 54, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 55, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 56, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 57, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 58, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 59, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 60, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 61, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 62, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 63, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 64, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 65, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 66, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 67, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 68, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 69, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 70, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 71, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 72, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 73, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 74, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 75, T. 14 S., R. 12 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12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 103, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 104, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 105, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 106, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 107, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 108, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 109, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 110, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 111, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 112, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 113, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 114, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 115, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 116, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 117, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 118, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 119, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 120, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 121, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 122, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 123, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 124, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 125, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 126, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 127, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 128, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 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E., and 1/4 Sec. 287, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 288, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 289, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 290, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 291, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 292, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 293, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 294, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 295, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 296, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 297, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 298, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 299, T. 14 S., R. 12 E., and 1/4 Sec. 300, T. 14 S., R.

No Hospital Needed

KIDNEY DISEASE

are quickly and surely cured by the use of **KIDNEY** having such an immense sale in all parts of the country and tone to the diseased organs, and through the humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, which have distressed the victims for years.

Thirty-four years of constantly increasing use have established a reputation for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup second to no similar preparation. It relieves instantly.

A LITTLE girl seeing two love birds billing and cooing, was told that they were making love. "Why don't they marry?" she asked; "then they would not make love any more."

In turning into ice, water expands or swells, that is, any given quantity of water makes a larger amount of ice, and the ice is therefore lighter than the water, and this is the reason why it floats in water.

GEOLOGICAL explorations have shown the probability that Russia contains beds of phosphate of lime of sufficient extent to supply Europe for an indefinite period.

TOTTIE: "I wonder why dolls are made like that?"

Thirty-four years of constantly increasing use have established a reputation for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup second to no similar preparation. It relieves instantly.

KIDNEY DISEASE

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SSES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which works on natural principles. It restores and purifies the system of accumulated poisons, cures the system of Constipation, Indigestion, has been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful results. It is safe, it does no harm to the system. It is pure, it is harmless to good, or delicate pills, but it is a powerful medicine. Get it of your Druggist, Price, 75¢ per bottle. Sold by J. B. Fry & Co., Springfield, Vt.

100

There were more suspicions of embezzlement in Howland Coleman's eyes than had been there for many a long year as he folded the letter, and put it in his pocket.

There was no thought of the proposed improvement in the huge silk mills and no thought of the details his very loved to struggle with.

He walked up and down the library stairs, his head drooping, his eyes

A curious device, whereby pictures of various kinds are burnt out on a piece of ordinary looking rose-colored paper, has been brought out by a Berlin manufacturer. You apply a glowing match at two fuel-perforated points, and the sparks communicated then begin gradually to move over the paper, wo-king out the picture. Neither leaves its proper path, or injures the paper beyond, and when the end of the path is reached, the spark goes out. Negative and positive are thus obtained after the manner of silhouettes.

"You'll have to bring in a new book, Judge, if you want me to do any kissing this morning."

"Is your name Horace Bradlaugh?"

"No, sir."

"And you know nothing about this case?"

"Not a thing."

"How dare you answer to that name, then, and get up here!"

"Judge, I'm a book agent: can't I sell you a Bible?"

Whether perfect happiness would be secured by perfect goodness this world will never afford an opportunity for deciding. But this, at least, may be intimated, that we do not always findible virtue.

—There are 1687 prisoners in the Western Penitentiary

the death of the next soldier who
precipitously walked past him. (One
of our men certainly learned in Af-
ghanistan, and that was to keep their wits
sharp when pursuing an enemy or
a hard-won field. There might be
a lurker in each inanimate form
along the ground, and unless care and
vigilance were exercised, the wounded Af-
ghan would steep his soul in bliss by kil-
ling a Kaffir just when life was at its last ebb.
The stubborn love of fighting in *extremis*
promoted doubtless by fanaticism, and

When our budding hopes are beyond recovery by some rough cut we are most disposed to pleasure ourselves what flowers they have borne had they flourished.

A new post office, named Bera, with E. J. Haynes as postmaster, has been established in Beat No. 4, near the residence of H. W. Kennedy.

Anniston has a larger population by several hundred than any other town in Calhoun county, by the census returns.

The cotton factory at Anniston is in full blast and turning out an excellent article of thread and cloth. We design visiting it in a short while and will lay before the readers of the Republican the result of our observations.

The summer months are always very hard on newspapers, because of the falling off of collections. We try to pay cash for all office and living expenses, and this is very hard to do when no cash comes into the office for a period embracing the summer months. We hope our patrons will bear this fact in mind and pay as much as they can of their indebtedness to the office while they have the means.

Circuit Court convened Monday, Judge Box presiding. His charge was lengthy, lucid, and instructive. It revealed fully the settled purpose of the new Judge to administer the law sternly, rigorously, but with entire justice and impartiality. The juries are composed of excellent men. The new Solicitor is alert, and will no doubt look sharply after the criminal classes. There is much to encourage lovers of good order and the peace of society in the composition of the new court from the Presiding Judge to the last officer and juror.

Jacksonville has received a very desirable accession to her population in Mr. Morgan and family, late of Montgomery. It is understood that he will invest some thousands of dollars with the Germania Tanning Co., and add other manufacturing features to Germania. The Montgomery Advertiser speaks in high terms of Mr. Morgan. We heartily welcome him and family to Jacksonville and hope his change of residence will prove both profitable and pleasant.

All persons not teaching, or expecting to teach, in the public schools of this county during this year, are requested to meet the Board of Education in Jacksonville, on the 4th Saturday of March.

Presence of Mind.

Maj. R. D. Williams of this place, some days ago, had forty-seven bales of cotton burned, on a platform erected near the railroad track on his farm. The cotton caught from a spark from an engine of a passing train. When the platform burned down, seven or eight bales rolled down into the cut on the track of the road. Busy rolling that on the bank into a small creek near by, the cotton on the track was neglected by the force at work. Suddenly Maj. Williams remembered that the evening express was due. A hundred yards above the burning cotton the road makes a sharp curve and he knew the engineer would not see his danger until too late. Pulling out his watch, he found he had just five minutes to get the burning bags of cotton out of that cut. He acquainted his force with the situation, and neglecting everything else, they went to work with a will. As they rolled the last bag clear of the track the express came thundering around the curve at a rate of twenty miles an hour and flew over the burning train safely. A short distance below the point described is a high bridge and trestle work, which increased the danger of the situation, for had the train fled the track and any distance along the bed of the road it would have plunged into the chasm and many lives would have been lost. Had the burning cotton not been removed the train would in all probability have been wrecked by it on the spot and burned inevitably. Maj. Williams burned himself considerably in his heroic effort to save human life. The road owes him a free pass for life and a vote of thanks.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

Stand by the "Old Reliable" Guano, which is valuable Pacific. Do not be taken in by new brands that you know nothing about. Middling cotton taken at 15c. per pound, payable Nov. 1st, 1881. Last season I received eighty five bales and only failed to allow the option (15c.) on four bales, which was very sorry and took them at very little deduction. Call and see me. I guarantee satisfaction. J. D. HAMMOND.

LADIES—You are invited to call on Hammond Bros. for Reids celebrated and popular Flower Seeds. Also for all kinds of confections.

One splendid platform spring wagon with pole, shafts and movable top for sale. m. 12 tf. * JAMES CROOK.

Gen. Wm. H. Forney has returned from Washington and is now actively engaged in the court room every day looking after his cases. Few men could have served so long in Congress and retained the undiminished confidence and regard of his constituents, as Gen. Forney has done. His popularity grows with his public service, which proves that he has been both faithful and capable. His influence and standing in Congress grows with each year of service, and the people of this District have just cause for congratulation that he still lives to serve them.

Shilo's Consumption Cure!
This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis. It is a wonderful success in the cure of Consumption. Since its first discovery, it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough, we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 70 cts. 50 cts. and \$1.00. If you "Lungs are sore, Chest, or Back, Lame, use Shilo's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. Jan'y 15, '81—ly.

Answer this question!
Why do so many people we see around us, seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Gout, etc., than to take the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cts. we will sell them Shilo's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. Jan'y 15, '81—ly.

Shilo's Catarrh Remedy. A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Croup, mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints. Price 50 cts. For sale by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. Jan'y 15, '81—ly.

And now comes our clever young friends, the Hammond Bros. to the front with their politest bow, and informs the public that they too have the irrepressible Irish potato for sale as low as anybody. Go and see them—don't forget it.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, and light the way of yonder pedestrian to— to buy a bottle of Ochsens Lightning Liniment to cure his rheumatism, lame back, etc. Price 50 cts. For sale by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. feb5eowly

Farmers would do well to call on Crow Bros. and try some of the new brands of guano sold by them as chemists say it is of the highest grade.

A bachelor suffering with a cold was handed a dose of Ochsens Honey of Tur by his sister. "What is it?" he asked. "Elixir Asthmatic, it will make you feel ecstatic." He replied. "You are very systematic. Down went the Honey of Tur cure!" his cough. Price 50c. For sale by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. feb5eowly

A large lot of brogans just received by Crow Bros. which they propose to sell cheap for cash.

Fine Monumental Work.
Parties wishing Tombstones and Monuments in fine Italian or Vermont marble will find it to their interest to buy of Thomas & Fenton, of Knoxville, Tenn. W. B. Fenton of the above firm will be South again in four or five weeks and parties wishing work can leave their address in Jacksonville, Ala., and he will call and show you designs when he comes. Or see Mr. J. Draper Sr. of Oxford, Ala., who is our authorized agent. March 5.—4c

Crow Bros. have just received a large lot of Spring goods, No. 10s, etc., which they invite the ladies to call and examine.

Oxford and Calhoun county lost an excellent citizen last week in the death of Dr. S. C. Williams. He died suddenly and the intelligence, as it spread, both shocked and pained his large circle of acquaintances. Dr. Williams was one among the old citizens of Calhoun. He had an extensive practice and was highly respected. He was that character of man whose death is as much a public calamity as a private affliction.

Mr. Forney—Every one in town knows the condition of our waterworks; but few can suggest a remedy. Now if the corporate authorities will institute a careful scientific investigation into the causes of the scarcity of water, they will see that it is caused by the fountain head not being a sufficient height above the reservoir. If the pipe was carried up to the right hand spring a sufficient head would be given to force every obstruction through this pipes and fill our reservoir and keep it full, thereby lessening the enormous rate of insurance now charged by the different companies, and furnishing water to quench any flame.

The hose reel is in need of repairs, and should be attended to at once.

Instead of carrying pipe to right hand spring it would be as cheap to carry pipe up on side of hill to a sufficient height, build a tank

there and bring the water from the spring in a trough to the tank.

Either plan will not cost over 250 dollars to execute and give us superior advantages to any we have ever had for an abundant supply of water.

PRINTING OFFICE FOR SALE.
I will give a bargain in the sale of the Calhoun County Clarion, a newspaper located at Jacksonville, Ala. The paper has the legal advertising of the county and a good run of commercial advertising. Some of the type are almost new. Exchanges please note. L. W. GRANT.

An Evangelist, whose name has escaped us, will preach in the Baptist church Sunday night.

We will commence next week the publication of one of the most important of the new laws.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS
Are offering their entire stock of MEN'S WOMEN'S & CHILDREN'S SHOES at largely reduced prices.

Just Received
a new and well selected stock of DOMESTICS, PRINTS, PLAIDS, JEANS, Etc. Etc.

Also, at extremely low prices a large assortment of WHITE GOODS, FANCY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, HOSIERY, CRAVATS, RIBBONS, SOAP, PERFUMERY, LADIES' & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Special Bargains
In Winter Clothing, Blankets, Woollens, Flannels, Lady's Shawls and Trimmings.

Town Creek Flour,
Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Rice, Pearl Griz, Lard, Ham, Bacon, Fish, and a full line of Confectioneries, Farming Implements, &c. always on hand.

We invite you to call, and see, and buy before purchasing elsewhere.

Highest market price paid for country produce.

Parties will please call at our Store for prices and terms for

The Best of All

Soluble Pacific Guano and Acid Phosphate during J. D. Hammond's absence.

Respectfully,
J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS.

SILVERSMITHING.
I announce to the citizens of Calhoun and adjoining counties, that I have located in Jacksonville for the purpose of conducting a silversmithing business. Work to be done on reasonable terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. English watches and Calendar clocks a specialty. I have had seventeen years experience as a practical workman in the profession. Solicit calls from all. Call and see me. Place of business at the hotel. Respectfully,
S. S. BURGER.

The Courier as a Medium for Advertising.

The Weekly Courier was established in 1843 and purchased by the present proprietor January 1, 1881. It has been published continuously by him ever since, except it was suspended 15 months by the war. It was the last paper in North Georgia to suspend publication during the war and the first to resume after its close.

The Tri-Weekly Courier was published successfully over twenty-one years previous to February 1st, 1881, when it was succeeded by the Daily Courier.

The Daily Courier is the only paper in the State, North of Atlanta, that takes the press dispatches, and is, in every respect, first class.

The following papers have been consolidated with the Courier at the date named, viz: Southern Statesman, published at Calhoun, March 27th, 1857; Georgia Patriot, Cedarburg, January 27th, 1858; Chattahoochee Advertiser, Summerville, January 1st, 1874; Rome Commercial, Daily and Weekly, Rome, April 12th, 1876.

The Selma Rome & Dalton

East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroads.

Form the quickest and most comfortable route to

Eastern Cities.

—AND—

ONLY ROUTE

—TO THE—

Watering Places

—OF—

East Tennessee and Virginia

The principal inducements are

SPLENDID SCENERY, QUICK TIME, THROUGH CARS.

The only line passing through the magnificent regions of East Tennessee and Virginia. For information address: JAS. R. OGDEN, G. P. & A., Knoxville, RAY KNIGHT, A. G. P. A., Selma.

TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS:

MAIL TRAINS DAILY.	
No. 22, North, Stations.	No. 21, South
5:00 a.m. Selma Ar.	8:20 p.m.
5:40 a.m. Randolph Ar.	7:35 p.m.
6:20 a.m. Monticello Ar.	6:50 p.m.
6:55 a.m. Gales Ar.	6:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m. Talladega Ar.	5:47 p.m.
8:10 a.m. Oxford Ar.	5:20 p.m.
8:20 a.m. Jacksonville Ar.	4:50 p.m.
8:35 a.m. Rome Ar.	4:20 p.m.
8:45 p.m. Dalton Ar.	3:50 a.m.
8:20 p.m. Ar. Cleveland Lv.	6:38 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

No. 24 North, Stations.	
4:05 p.m. Selma Ar.	10:50 a.m.
4:35 p.m. Randolph Ar.	7:50 a.m.
5:05 p.m. Monticello Ar.	7:20 a.m.
5:35 p.m. Gales Ar.	6:50 a.m.
6:05 p.m. Talladega Ar.	6:20 a.m.
6:35 p.m. Oxford Ar.	5:50 a.m.
6:45 p.m. Jacksonville Ar.	5:20 a.m.
6:55 p.m. Rome Ar.	4:50 a.m.
7:10 p.m. Dalton Ar.	4:20 a.m.
7:10 p.m. Ar. Cleveland Lv.	3:20 a.m.

Tickets as low as any other route.

Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent, Selma, Ala.

June 22, 1881

Louisville & Great Southern

RAILROAD LINE

The Quickest and Shortest

ROUTE TO ALL PORTS

NORTH & EAST.

Only One Change of Cars

to

CHICAGO ST. LOUIS CLEVELAND

DETROIT PITTSBURGH

Philadelphia N. York Boston

AND THE BEST ROUTE TO

BALTIMORE & WASHINGTON

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

Run through from Birmingham to

MOBILE NEW ORLEANS

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.

Trains run as follows:

Lv. Birmingham	9:22 a.m.	12:01 p.m.
Ar. Louisville	11:25 a.m.	3:25 p.m.
Lv. Birmingham	4:15 a.m.	7:50 p.m.
Ar. Mobile	6:50 p.m.	1:50 a.m.
Ar. New Orleans	9:45 p.m.	10:12 a.m.

Agents at all stations can give you full and satisfactory information as to times and routes to all points, and will procure your tickets and through tickets on application. For further information address

C. P. ATMORE, G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

January 22, 1881

UNDERTAKING.

L. A. WEAVER,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Has just received and now has in stock a full line of

COFFINS, METALIC CHRYSTAL

BURIAL CASES & CASKETS.

from the size of the smallest infant (in

the glass casket) to the largest man (in

the glass casket). These are directly from

the factory, and are of the latest and

most highly finished styles. Prices vary

with finish on work.

January 22, 1881—5m.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county,

Special Term, February, 1881.

This day came George W. Lloyd

administrator of the estate of Joseph Lloyd

deceased, and filed his account and

receivers for a partial settlement of said

estate. It is therefore ordered by the

Court that on the 15th day of March 1881,

he and the same is hereby appointed the

day upon which to examine and pass

upon said accounts and make said settle-

ment; and that notice thereof be

given by publication for three successive

weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a

newspaper printed and published in said

county, as a notice to all persons inter-

W. W. HARRISON;

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE OVER

CARPENTER'S STORE

JAMES HUTCHINSON,

Barber & Hair-dresser,

Room on Office Row, recently occupied

by Dick Walker.

If you desire to have a pleasant and

clean shave, or have your hair trimmed

in neat, fashionable style, give him

call. Jacksonville, 3rd. 20, 1878

A CARD

About three years ago we were requested by some of our employees to purchase sewing machines for them. After a careful examination of all the leading machines we were convinced that the "White" was the best sewing machine manufactured, and we bought six. These instantly created a demand for more, and without special effort on our part, the demand has grown so that we are now selling

100 Machines a year

and our sales are continually increasing.

This is the best evidence of the superior merits of the "White."

WOODSTOCK IRON COMPANY,

Anniston, Ala.

UNPARALLELED

SUCCESS

OF THE

White Sewing Machine

IN THE THIRD YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, ITS

SALES AMOUNT TO

54,353 Machines.

NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH

A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

It is the Lightest-Running,

Easiest Selling, and

Best Satisfying Machine

IN THE WORLD.

PRICES, 25 TO 49 DOL-

LARS.

For Sale by

WOODSTOCK IRON

CO.,

Anniston, Ala.

30 DAY OFFER:

READ! READ! READ!

Down! Down!! Down!!!

PRICES REDUCED

33 1-3 PER CENT.

We have in store and on the road the

largest and most complete stock of Pianos and

Organs ever brought to this market, which

we offer cheap for cash; will take old instru-

ments in exchange for new, or

will sell on the installment plan.

Don't fail when you visit Rome to give us

a call if you wish anything in our line, or

if you wish to order writing to us.

C. W. LANGWORTHY & CO.,

90 Masonic Temple,

Louis, G.

Jan 15—4c

LIVERY

SALE STABLE.

The Undersigned having bought the

Hammond Livery Stable of Mr. Wil-

son, have entered upon their business

and will be glad to serve the public.

We expect to keep Vehicles, Horses

and Mules for sale, and are prepared to

guarantee bargains in this line.

Our terms will be very reasonable and

strictly cash.

Horses boarded at low rates. Give us

your patronage and we will give you sat-

isfaction.

Respectfully,
MARTIN & ADAMS.

Jan 15—4c

LIVERY STABLE.

AGRICULTURE.

YOUNG CHICKENS AND INSECTS.—The practice of excluding chickens from the garden, especially in mid-summer, is bad both for the chickens and for the vegetables. The young chicks will not thrive in confinement, as in freedom, and the growing plants in a good measure protected from insects by the chickens. We have never succeeded better with young broods than by putting them, with the mother, in the vegetable garden. The mother is kept confined in a coop, and the chickens have free access to her through the slats. She follows her instinct in scratching over the ground under the coop for worms and grubs, and after a few days the coop is pushed along to new soil. The chickens are regularly fed with sealed meal, or boiled screenings, they supply themselves with animal food from the garden. The chickens are too small to do any harm to plants that are well started, and yet they pick up an immense number of insects. The more highly the garden is manured, the more rapidly do insects multiply, and the greater is the need of birds and fowls to keep them in check. The chickens can go beneath cucumbers, squashes, beans, tomatoes, etc., and pick the eggs and worms from the soil, and the leaves, where they are generally found. They eagerly chase every moth and bug that flies, and if one alights within striking distance, it is sure to be devoured. When the chickens are large enough to do injury to the plants, they are easily removed to other quarters.

DISTORTING VEGETABLE GROWTH.—The practice of distorting trees, shrubs and climbers into various stiff and grotesque forms, instead of allowing them to grow in their natural and graceful beauty, cannot be well regarded as an improvement. Both kinds of distortion are to be objected to, namely, by artificial means purposely, and by allowing the trees or shrubs to become distorted by unnatural and one-sided crowding. James York gives an illustration of the latter, by expressive of his opinion of attempts at "improvements" of the kind. He states that at the time, many years ago, that several eminent English officials were present to witness the operation of Perkins' famous steam-gun, opinions were expressed of the kind, but Mr. York says that nothing, when urged to give his opinion, he merely replied that he had been thinking "that this steam-gun had been the first invention, what a grand improvement on it gunpowder would have been!" And it is a tree or shrub, naturally growing in a stiff corner, or a peacock, or a statue, what a grand improvement a handsome, graceful outline would be considered by cultivators!

THE CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.—Wherever the cranberry has been successfully introduced it has proved itself one of the most valuable of our small fruits, having the advantage over all others in its adaptability of being kept for so much greater length of time. It is most profitably cultivated on low, moist, level lands, where drainage as well as overflowing can be applied, as circumstances may require. Yes, like many other plants, it may be grown successfully under conditions very different from those in which it is found in its wild state. Any loamy naturally moist garden soil will grow cranberries. The plants are set out and cultivated exactly like strawberries, until the vines have covered the entire ground, when the next year necessary care to pull out the tall weeds. An occasional light dressing of the swamp muck or sawdust is very beneficial and keeps the ground moist. A small beginning in cranberry culture may even be made in a flower pot. Planting grows in this way are not only highly ornamental, the fruits hanging on the vines until the blossoms appear for the next crop, but also astonishingly productive.

HOW TO TEST DAIRY COWS.—There is no difficulty in establishing the character and value of each cow in a dairy. The method usually followed is to weigh each cow's milk upon a spring scale as soon as it is drawn and before it is poured out of the pail into the general receptacle. The weight is noted down on a slate or board under the cow's name and against the date. One week's trial is sufficient for each month, as to get a fair average of the yield. For a better test each cow's milk may be set separately in pails of different size or form from the others and churned by itself; this will give the yield of butter for a certain quantity of milk. Generally when one begins a habit of keeping accounts in the dairy in this way it is continued and is found a valuable help in making a dairy profitable, for it is a check on feeding, watering and otherwise caring for the cows and when a falling off or increase is noticed immediately becomes anxious to find the cause of it, and thus much valuable information is gathered.

FLOWING.—There are two kinds of soil on every man's farm—the agricultural soil and the subsoil. The agricultural soil may be two inches deep or it may be nine, but it is not twenty feet. It is not deeper than the air can penetrate. The agricultural soil is too shallow it may be gradually deepened by lifting an inch of the subsoil at each plowing, bringing it up to the air and enriching it with manure. Says Professor Stockbridge: Our agricultural society committee, by their premiums for which, shiny, fat, fat cows have done the community great harm. Such as often takes the premiums is the very poorest kind of plowing. The soil is best plowed when it is most the roughly crushed, twisted and broken with the sod well covered. On some kind of soil I wish to have turrows lapped an inch, as the Canadian farmers plow. Let the air and water have a chance to circulate underneath the surface. Light lands, however, should have a flat furrow if I wish to make such lands more compact.

COLD, cutting weather causes the cows to curl up in some cozy corner.

A LITTLE girl being asked on the first day of school how she liked her new teacher, replied: "I do not like her; she is just as saucy to me as my mother."

PAPA: "Where has yesterday gone to, and where is to-morrow coming from?"

MOTHER (teaching a little girl of four her letters): "say W." Little girl: "Double me."

WE desire to be underrated only by the tax-collector.

OVA and under—The eggs when the hen sets.

JUVENTUS.

It had a mournful look about him, and he advanced with measured steps to the table.

"I'm a useful member of society," said he in a sepulchral voice.

"Indeed?" would suspect it. A face like yours?"

"It is a blessing to its owner. I can manufacture more melancholy in ten minutes than any other man can in a week. That's my business. I go about touching up the tender feelings of people and reducing them to palpable tears."

"A regular brine drawer?"

"To be short, yes. One look at me will make the strongest eye weep. I'm very useful at funerals."

"This is no funeral, but it will be, and there will be joy instead of mourning if you don't take your melancholy mug out of here in a hurry," and just as he was going to ask for a quarter a paste pot whizzing by his head and he retreated, leaving a streak of blue behind him that will last a week.

A WELL-KNOWN lady artist, resident in Rome, relates that while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a country woman. The new-comer was a well-to-do-looking American woman, and introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, of—Missouri, and then asked:

"Is this the Apollo Belvidere?"

Miss H—testified to the tourist then said:

"Considered a great statue?"

The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the master-pieces of the world.

"Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing?" said the lady from the land of the setting sun.

"Yes," responded the now amazed artist. "It is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame."

"Well, exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Bader, and with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble. "I've seen the Apollo Belvidere and I've seen Raggles, and give me Raggles."

"There are seventeen and a half men to every female in the territory of Dakota," said Miss Jones, spinster, when she read the above statistics of girls. "I know, they'd take that half man rather than none at all."

"What, there's a row over to our house?"

"What on airth's the matter, you little serpent?"

"Why, dad's got drunk, mother's dead, the old cow has got a calf, Sal's got married and run away with all the spoons, Kate has swallowed a pin, and Luke's looked at the Aurora Borealis and he's got the triangles. That ain't all neither."

"What else upon airth?"

"Rose split the butter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese cups got beat into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and Oh, how hungry I am!"

A YOUNG woman recently went to an English fancy ball as a powder puff. It must have been a puff-bail. And this reminds us that a young man once went to an American ball as a puff. No one guessed what character he represented until he went off "half-cocked" and staggered against a man who called him a "son of a gun."

TWO ladies meet. Says No. 1: "Why do you know what I heard about you?"

"I've heard that," said No. 2, "when your husband was sick and not expected to live you went to a picnic."

"It's a vile slander; it was only an excursion."

WE'll bet a cent that not a man who has blown out the gas and been suffocated during the past ten years, ever took and read this country paper. Now is the time to subscribe.

THE angel of midnight: The woman who opens the street door for her husband when he is trying to unlock the bell-knob, and then lets him sleep on the hall floor.

A FELLOW who married a poor girl said he married her to take care of her but now when he said out late at night she took hair of him.

A LITTLE girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front tooth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-tooth teeth like yours."

THERE is a fortune in store for the genius who shall produce a boiler-iron shoe for the small boy. Something warranted to last two weeks is what is wanted.

A FELLOW in New Orleans is said to have eaten a box of Castle soap to get rid of freckles. He still has a few on his face, but inside he isn't freckled a bit.

A SOUTHERN paper, in default of an excuse to chronicle, tells of a clam bake where two young men ate of this delicious fruit until it protruded from their ears."

THE family that makes the longest and loudest prayers is not always the one that pays the highest prices to its washerwoman, by any means.

"I see the villain in your face," said a Western judge to a prisoner. "May I please your honor," said the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

A GIRL hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dumbey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests.

SMALL boy: The 2,000 raw hides purchased by Vernon firm are not intended for use in the public schools.

THE present weather permits many young men who bought ulsters early in the season to come out in full pad.

A riot in the Virginia penitentiary plays cards having been taught by a man who was locked up for playing three-card monte.

THE beehive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on.

THERE is some good left in the world after all. The man who invented spotted stockings lost money on them.

"ACTY," what makes de little baby cry so? Do it water iz mudder?" "Yes, dear, and its fodder too."

IT costs Massachusetts about \$4,000 each for the farmers graduated at its Agricultural College.

"A PLAIN cook" is advertised for in a Boston paper. Comment is necessary.

THREE of a kind—the Albany, Springfield and Washington base balls clubs.

DOMESTIC.

ABOUT BREAD-MAKING.—To make bread, bread and raise very clean flour or six large potatoes, or what will make a quart when washed; boil until tender; pour off the water in which they are boiled and save it; wash them very fine and put them into the potato water, and to this, while hot, add a pint of flour, or enough to make a very fine batter—and thinner the better the bread—and add enough cold water to make about three quarters of the whole. When it is cool—not as warm as new milk—add to it half a cupful of yeast and set it in a warm place to rise. By making this sponge at night, it will be light enough in the morning to mix. Get your flour into your bread-pan, and strain the sponge into it, having previously created into the sponge a teaspoonful of soda and mix it up into dough. Be careful not to get it too hard. Knead on a board for about ten minutes; then place in the pan again and set it to rise. In about two hours or a little less, it will be ready to bake. Put it into a hot oven, and let it bake on top. In forming into loaves, work as little as possible in order to get it into shape, and let it rise again. When it is light, place in the oven and bake an hour and a quarter. After removing from the oven, wrap up well in a cloth, bread closely, while baking, as much depends on it. Add a little salt to the flour before pouring in the sponge. I think by having good flour, and following these directions closely, one cannot fail to have good bread. If a person has poor bread, nothing on the table appears so good as good bread, one can dispense with some other things, and still feel that she has a nice dinner or tea. In cold weather, one can keep the sponge two or three days and the bread will be just as good. By using some of the potatoes in a cloth, they were boiled in a cloth, bread closely, while baking, as much depends on it. Add a little salt to the flour before pouring in the sponge. 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JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2292.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

L. W. GRANT.

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SHADOWS.

There are moonlight shadows gathering over all this once bright earth, And voices, and a whisper, murmur round our lonely hearth.

A deep, deep darkness settles o'er us like a pall, And the trailing of the serpent is around and over all.

Oh! the lives that have been blighted, and the hopes that now are dead, The clinging, haunting memories, the tears that we have shed,

The light of hope from out our heart has long since passed away, But still we feel the maddening curse surge o'er us day by day.

The friends that we have trusted have forsaken and betrayed, Within the grave of buried hopes their ashes now are laid,

The joys wherein we might have shared the love of other years Have fled and left our souls with gloom, and dimmed our eyes with tears.

Of little arms that once have twined caressingly around, We see no trace, save far away in yonder grassy mound.

They heard, with smiling on their lips, their summons from on high, And folded close their little hands, and laid them down to die.

There are gallies, chains upon us that are wearing down our life, And a crushing sense of weariness of all this toil and strife;

We try in vain to pierce the gloom that shuts us from the light, But the "silver lining" of the cloud is lost in darkest night.

Jeanie's First Sorrow.

Jeanie Moore was the prettiest girl in Groveland. "None knew her but to love her," as the poet says, and old Farmer Moore was prouder of his one daughter than of all his lands, and well he might be. This summer Jeanie had come home from boarding school for good, and the old farm rang with her clear bird-like tones as she flew from room to room, leaving tokens of her dainty womanly presence everywhere.

Young Dr. Lowell had been a boarder at the farm for three years. When he had first seen Jeanie she had been a little winning girl, quite willing to be taken on the grave young man's knee, and listen thoughtfully as he and her father talked. But now things were quite different, and as Howard Lowell watched the graceful form crowned by the lovely flower-like face, and each day saw the pure unselfish nature unfold more and more, he grew to look upon her in another light, and to think that it would be very sweet to have that blooming face grow more bright at his approach than at any other.

So the days went by, and although no words had as yet broken the sweet silence, the two young hearts were knitting fast together when my story opens. Jeanie had changed from a shy, blushing school girl into a beautiful self-possessed maiden, conscious in her inmost heart of being loved, and of retaining that love.

One evening, as they all sat around the cozy tea-table, little Fred, Jeanie's brother, bounded into the room, full of news which evidently seemed very important to him. "Oh, father, the big house has been bought," Now the "big house" as Fred called it, was the house of Groveland. High up on a hill it towered in its gray stone stateliness above all the rest of the village. It had been unoccupied for many years.

"Well, I'm glad of that," heartily exclaimed Farmer Moore. "It's a shame so much fine property should have gone to wreck and ruin so long, when it might be made such an ornament to the village. Do you know who has bought it, Freddy?"

"Yes, sir, it is a widow lady named Almer, and she has two daughters."

Dr. Lowell here gave a sudden start, which caused Jeanie to glance over at him, and to her surprise she saw he was violently agitated. His face was white as death, and with his lips parted he looked fixedly at Freddy, as if waiting to hear more.

Seeing his emotion attracted attention, he hastily arose and without speaking, left the room.

Jeanie's interest in Freddy's news was entirely lost in her wonderment over Dr. Lowell's strange demeanor. It was quite late in the evening before he rejoined them; but when he came back he was as self-possessed and quiet as ever, yet there was something peculiar in his manner, and Jeanie felt the change, although, unlike most women, she refrained from asking any questions.

It was true "Waban Hall" had at last found occupants. Mrs. Almer and her two daughters were pleasant and unaffected, and it was not long before the new comers became well acquainted in the village.

After a time Jeanie called to welcome them and extend the hospitality of the farm, and she returned home delighted with her visit. Mrs. Almer was so kind, and the girls, Ella and Ruth, so charming and friendly. Jeanie talked enthusiastically for some time about her new friends, and Dr. Lowell listened to all she said eagerly.

After a few weeks invitations came to the farm for a party to be held at the "Hall."

"Shall you go, little one?" questioned her father.

Jeanie looked up at Dr. Lowell, and was surprised again by the odd pallor of his face.

It was true that it was rumored that the mortality among her relatives was attributed too often listening to the strain of this lovely morceau, but nevertheless it brought back to her tender memories of childhood and she played it to herself dreamily—"The Maiden's Prayer."

"Mabel, play me that strain again," it was a young man who spoke, and he leaned over the piano and watched her delicate fingers meander over the bass notes in the romantic cross-hand movement.

"I can play it to you forever," a slight shudder crossed the marble brow of the young man as he responded: "It seems to me to be a tone-picture of unrequited beauty. Observe the flights of the right hand into the highest notes; even so might a pure prayer rise into the heights of the blue empyrean."

"But see, Henri," said the maid, "now the melody is deep beneath the deep notes of the bass."

"And, even so, the highest thoughts must fall again to earth and seek the practical. Mabel, we are poor. I am an inventor and yet hope to perfect my delicious steam calliope, which will bring me fame and fortune. 'Till then adieu! Accept this as a last memento of one who loves you fondly."

He has gone. She tearfully opened the piano, and a small musical box which played two tunes. "Then You'll Remember Me," and "Sweet By-and-By"—sad reminders of his affection and love.

Five years had passed. Mabel Jeanie was no longer young, but she was interested in all of winning grace.

She had boldly faced fortune and had turned music teacher. Many pupils came to her, and she had taught them all the latest fashions. She was no longer poor, but her heart was poverty-stricken indeed. At night she would sit in her solitary abode and play the well-remembered morceau (she knew it by heart now), and would grind out the two airs from her beloved musical box. She sat out evening slowly grinding. Her thoughts were far away as she turned the crank: "Then You'll Remember Me."

"Henri de Houbourg!" And they were in each other's arms. "I have come to claim you, my own," said he, "I am able to marry now."

"Oh, Henri," sobbed Mabel, as her arms tenderly encircled his neck and her fingers played "The Maiden's Prayer" on his back, "has the calliope succeeded?"

"No, my darling was the resource. I have invented a method which will teach anybody to play the piano thoroughly in half an hour, and I am rich!"

They are wedded now, and their life since then has been one of bliss, only made more perfect by the sweet sounds of the tune which had hallowed the days of their younger love.

Mabel and Henri.

She was alone in the world. Her various relatives had gradually passed away, and by a strange coincidence, just as the last one passed, she found herself alone. Alone, did she say? Yet, not utterly, for her dear piano was left her, and she seated herself before it, she softly played the one sweet air, the only one that she played completely.

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An Emperor's Laugh.

It was the night before the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon, wrapped up in a military cloak, was passing to and fro before his tent. A number of officers glittering in gilded armor were seated there, and were engaged in conversation.

"The Emperor is here," said one of the officers, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said another officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a third officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a fourth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a fifth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a sixth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a seventh officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said an eighth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a ninth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a tenth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said an eleventh officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a twelfth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

"The Emperor is here," said a thirteenth officer, "and he has just arrived from the front. He is in a very good humor, and he is very much interested in the progress of the battle."

you don't keep your head down behind that wheel, you may perchance get a run of lead through it!"

"Never the worse for that, your honor. Mother always said my head was tough as lead; though, as how, it's never had what you may call a fair trial."

"Whist! I say again, whist! He's turned around. I wonder what the fellow's thinking about, so much? Perhaps he's thinking of the many little presents Wellington will send him to-morrow. But keep still now. I see he's itching to get out into the moonlight. There—there he comes. Mind, now, don't move till I speak. Quiet, boys! Quiet, I say!"

Napoleon, little aware of the danger that threatens him, walks with his arms still folded toward the pieces of cannon we have pointed out, and under cover of which lay concealed some four or five ruffians (whose conversation we have in part transcribed), ready to pounce down upon their prey. As he drew near to them, and his person began coming more distinct in sudden flood of moonlight, their hearts appeared for the moment to melt, either out of fear for their own safety, or a dread against the spilling of such royal blood.

"Do you think we had better?" said one.

"I don't fancy it," said another.

"Oh! I don't care of your fooleries, boys! Now's the time! Do it, or not do it?"

"Do it!" exclaimed all.

"Then it is done!" and the foreman of the gang sprang out, and presented his pistol to the head of Napoleon, followed immediately by his companions.

"Silence, or I'll—"

"Or you'll blow my brains out!" added the Emperor, in a pure, white chuckle, at the same moment laughing out loud.

The cut-throats were confounded. One looked at the other, and the other looked at his neighbor, in perfect amazement. The merry laughter of Napoleon continued, when suddenly, in an opposite direction, a flash—a whizz—a bang succeeded, and the foremost assassin fell to the ground. In a moment he was surrounded by a dozen or twenty soldiers, all eager to show their attachment, even at the cost of their lives. As if nothing out of the ordinary course of things had transpired, Napoleon simply waved his hand, saying to one of the subordinate officers by his side, "Let those men be put in chains till daylight," and then walked away to his tent, apparently unmoved and unconcerned.

Daylight arrived. The Emperor came forth, mounted on a pure white charger, the trappings of his harness set with gold. It was a noble sight. Long was the line of burished steel which passed in review before him. As far as the eye could reach there was a continual glitter of polished metal that reflected back, with the brilliancy of the diamond, the rays of the morning sun. Numerous officers, clad in the richest garments, ornamented with gold lace, and with the high, flowing plumes waving in the breeze, accompanied their commander.

The order had already been given that the men who were arrested the night before should be shot without a hearing. Napoleon was to be present at the execution; and as he appeared in the distance with his numerous retinue, the prisoners were brought out, hand-cuffed, their coats and vests thrown off, and their bosoms bared for the bullets. A few hours of horrid suspense had worked unconsciously upon their looks and actions. They were ghastly pale, and the traces of deep anguish were visible upon their foreheads; yet they stood firm and undaunted before the well-aimed guns of the soldiery. Not a limb shook, not a lip quivered, and thus they were launched into eternity, as Napoleon turned from the scene with a smile!

On a late December morning a poor man, who had just arrived in Little Rock, and who didn't have enough money to buy a cheese sandwich at half price, borrowed a shovel, and stopping in front of a wealthy man's house, shovelled the snow from the sidewalk. Then he rang the door bell. Colonel Blippery, the owner of the mansion came to the door.

"If you please," said the poor man, "I have shovelled the snow from your side walk."

"If I please?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Being very hungry, I thought that you would give me twenty-five cents."

"The Colonel is the stingiest man in Arkansas, and the idea of surrendering twenty-five cents was a desperate one."

"See here," said the Colonel. "I want that snow to stay where it was. If I hadn't wanted it on the sidewalk I would have put up a shed. I wish, sir, that all the snow in town had fallen there, for I was raised in the North, and this snow is the only Northern snow I have seen introduced here. I am ill inclined to have you arrested for trespass. Put that snow back where you found it. I put every flake of it back!"

The poor man turned around, and scooped up a shovel of snow, when the Colonel exclaimed:

"Go ahead! I'll let you off!"

The poor man went away, and the Colonel chuckled over his defeat.

"I saved twenty-five cents," he mused, as he passed through the gate and started up-town. "I was just thinking about hiring some one to clean it off."

The poor man went away, and after a time returned with a lot of traps and shovels. When the Colonel came home to dinner he found a bank of snow ten feet high in front of his door. He paid three dollars and a half to have it removed.

A few apt definitions.

"Emerson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$5,000. That's genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a similar sheet and make it worth \$50,000,000. That's capital. And the United States Government can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an eagle and make it worth \$10. That's money."

Mark Twain on Encores.

I am told that in a German concert or opera they hardly ever encores a piece, though they may be dying to hear it again, their good breeding usually preserves them against requiring the repetition. Kings may encores; that is quite another matter; it delights everybody to see that the King is pleased; and as to the actor encores, his pride and gratification are simply boundless. Still, there are circumstances in which even a royal encores—but it is better to illustrate. The King of Bavaria is a poet, and has a poet's eccentricities, with the advantage over all poets of being able to gratify them, no matter what form they may take. He is fond of opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of an audience; therefore, it has sometimes occurred to him that, when an opera has been concluded and the players are getting off their paint and flunery, a command has come to get their paint and flunery on again. Presently the King would arrive solitary and alone, and the players would begin at the beginning, and do the entire opera over again, with only the one individual in that vast solemn theatre for an audience. Once he took an old French in his head. High up and out of sight, over the prodigious stage of the Court theatre, in a maze of interesting water-pipes, so pierced that in case of fire innumerable thread-like streams of water can be caused to descend, and in case of need this discharge can be augmented to a pouring flood. The King was the sole audience. The opera proceeded. It was a piece with a storm in it, the music began to play, and the King's interest rose higher and higher; it developed into enthusiasm. He cried:

"It is good, very good indeed! But I will have real rain. Turn on the water."

The manager, pleaded for a reversal of the command, said it would ruin the costly costumes, but the King cried:

"No matter, no matter, I will have real rain! Turn on the water!"

So the real rain was turned on and began to descend in gossamer lances to the music flower-beds and gravel-walks of the stage. The richly dressed actresses and actors, stripped about singing bravely and pretending not to mind it. The King was delighted; his enthusiasm grew higher. He cried out:

"Bravo, bravo! More thunder! more lightning! Turn on more rain!"

The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the storm-wind raged, the deluge poured down. The mimic royalty of the stage, with their soaked status clinging to their bodies, slopped around ankle deep in water, warbling their sweetest and best; the fiddlers under the eaves of the stage sawed away for dear life, with the coit overflow spouting down the back of their necks and the dry and happy king sat in his lofty box and wore his gloves to ribbons applauding.

"More yet!" cried the King; "more yet; let loose all the thunder, turn on all the water. I will hang the man that raises an umbrella!"

When the most tremendous and effective storm that had ever been produced in any theatre was at last over, the king's approbation, was measureless. He cried:

"Magnificent, magnificent! Encore! Do it again!"

But the management succeeded in persuading him to recall the encores, and said that company would feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in the mere fact that the encores was demanded by his Majesty without fatiguing him with a repetition to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act the lucky performers were those whose parts required changes of dress; the others were a soaked, bedraggled, and uncomfortable lot, but in the last degree picturesque. The stage scenery was ruined, trap-doors were so swollen that they couldn't work for a week afterwards, the fine costumes were spoiled, and the cost of damage was done by that remarkable storm.

It was a royal idea—that storm—and royally carried out. But observe the moderation of the King; he did not insist upon his encores. If he had been a gladsome unreflexed American opera audience, he probably would have had his storm repeated until he drowned all those people.

A Sailor's Yarn.

In a book written by Rear Admiral Werner, of the German navy, a strange story is told of the way in which many years ago, in 1836, a French man-of-war went down with all hands on board in West Indian waters. The ship had been in commission for two years on the Antilles station, and during the whole of the time her captain, who is described as an incarnation of cruelty, had exercised his ingenuity in tormenting in every possible way both the officers and men of his crew. So well he succeeded that the lives of all on board had been rendered a burden to them, while the captain himself was hated with an intensity of which proof was soon to be given.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the stitching and the inner cover material. There is no text or other markings on the page.

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